JOHNSON

Mrs. Wm. Leslie is confined to her home by illness.

J. Lyon and Walton Clary of Wolcott have been carrying logs here for L. C. Udall.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Cobb visited his mother, Mrs. Florence Cobb, of Stowe last week.

Dorothy Sweet dislocated her hip while coasting last Thursday. She is doing well at present.

Paul Sinclair of Underhill was in town last Wednesday, returning home Thursday morning.

Hon. and Mrs. C. H. Stearns, of Montpelier, spent the week-end with Mrs. C. Arthur Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Holmes of East Fairfield spent the week-end with Mr. Holmes parents.

Mrs. Ira Powell of Jeffersonville was called here last Thursday, on account of the critical illness of her sister, Mrs. Henry Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rix of New York City were guests at the Everett over the week-end. Mr. Rix is president of the American Mineral Co.

Geo. Wheeler was in Essex Junction Monday of last week to attend the funeral of his brother, Wm. Wheeler, who died in Red Cliff, Colo. Burial was at Milton.

C. P. Jones has bought through H. S. Howard the house and garage belonging to E. J. Spaulding at 96 Henry street Burlington, and takes possession in a few days.

Mrs. Harry Heath of Blackstone, Mass., and Mrs. Orrin Jones of St. Johnsbury were called here on account of the illness and death of their mother, Mrs. Henry Porter

A Sunday School class made up of high school girls sold candy Friday evening, the proceeds of which are to buy materials for clothing to be made up for pupils in a school for mountain whites in Tennessee.

Remember the child welfare meeting Thursday evening, at the Library Building. Miss Welch, who was with the Red Cross in Russia, will speak on the children of Russia and there will be open discussion afterwards. All mothers are urged to come and hear Miss Welch, and also take part in the discussion.

Elihu H. Ruggles

Elihu H. Ruggles died last Thursday of Bright's Disease. He was 70 years of age. He is survived by two sons, Willis and Wilbur, and six grand children. H. M. Maxfield directed the funeral, which was held Saturday afternoon at the home of his son, Wilbur Ruggles, the body placed in the vault at Lamoille View Cemetery. Interment to be made later in Fletcher.

Oread Club

The Colonial Tea given Monday afternoon, Feb. 14, at the Library building was very well attended, seventy-five being present. The hostesses were Mrs. Ida Jones, Mrs. Jennie Holmes, Mrs. Florence Elwood, Miss Sullivan and Mrs. Ruth MacDowell. They were assisted in receiving the guests by Miss Helen Fullington and Mrs. Etta Miller, who represented George and Martha Washington.

Old fashioned china, samplers and candles burning in old fashioned candle sticks lent an old-time atmosphere to the room. There was a most interesting display of hand-spun and hand-woven linens, laces and blankets, quilts, pewter trays, snuff boxes and many other unique articles. The following program was rendered:—

Song, "When You and I were Young Maggie," Ladies Quartet, Mrs. E. G. French, Mrs. Ruth MacDowell, Mrs. Florence Elwood, Mrs. Minnie Hayford; dialogue, "The Elopement," Georgia Scott and Ernest Gilbert; The Minuet, danced by George and Martha Washington and eight court ladies and gentlemen; reading, "Ezekiel's Courtin'" by Miss Sullivan; song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," Ladies Quartet; Virginia Reel, danced by four couple in costume. W. E. Chaffee and Clifford Jaynes furnished music for the dance. The minuet was particularly well executed and all numbers of the program seemed to please the audience.

Refreshments of sandwiches, Washington pie and tea were served on small tables lighted with candles and spread with old fashioned linen. The costumes worn were very interesting, some the fashion of 75 years ago, tight waists, flowing sleeves and hoop skirts, others of a later day when waists remained tight but sleeves had grown is size.

Much appreciation is due to the people who so very kindly loaned costumes and valuable heir looms. These contributed much to the success of the afternoon.

The Lost Voice Answers

Kind sir, permit me to teach you
The tenets of telephone lore
Perhaps when you know how to use it
You'll cease your belligerent roar.

So you "wildly joggled the phone hook"
That's one of your telephone crimes
For while you were "joggling and jiggling"
I had said "Number please? just 5 times.

But you didn't hear it, how could you?
Flashing again and again
But at last my request pnetrated
The half dormant cells of your brain.

"You knew not what No you gave me"
Y u never do, that's nothing new,
You make all your calls by name only,
Mere numbers mean nothing to you.

And then when I said "They don't answer"
You answered by never a sign
Deep engrossed you were giving someone
Your recipe for raisin wine.

Mere courtesy costs you so little. I fear,
Lest you mend up your manners a while
To you we've a voice that forever is lost
To others, the voice with the smile.

—MARY MAHER.

FRENCH CAPITAL IN INFANCY

Insignificant Village of Reeds and Rushes When Conquered by the Romans in 52 B. C.

At its first appearance in history there was nothing to foreshadow the important part that Paris was to play in Europe and the world. When conquered by Caesar in 52 B. C., the town, then called Lucetia, Lucotetia or Lutetia, consisted of a village built of reeds and rushes on a swampy island in the river Seine, now almost lost in the modern city, and then much smaller than at present. The sole importance of the village lay in its being the capital of a similarly insignificant Gallic people, the Parisii, the ancinet tribe from which the city eventually derived its name. Caesar, impressed with the location of Lucetia, ordered a wall to be built around the island and a temple of Jupiter erected thereon, and the town which sprang up around the temple was destined later to be the scene of many of the most noted events in history. This island-town soon became a favorite residence for wealthy Romans; Julian was here proclaimed emperor of Rome in 360. He built a palace on the left side of the river, surrounded by dense forests and marshes. Later these two centers were united, and around them, during the centuries, has grown the magnificent Paris of today. But the great city still honors its cradle, and, "The Island" is par excellence "La Cite" (the city).

AT HOME IN THE KITCHEN

Lady of the House—Jane, this entertaining of your young man in the kitchen will have to be stopped.

Jane—Well, ma'am, he's too shy to come into the parlor.

TYPE THEIR LOVE LETTERS.

Love making is quite a business-like proceeding these days.

In a recent breach of promise case here, the fair young plaintiff confessed to having made carbon copies of all her letters to her devoted swain, reports the London Mail. He, poor innocent, had forgotten to be methodical. An unsympathetic jury awarded the astute young plaintiff goodly damages.

So many breach of promise cases are being heard in King's bench nowadays, that most lovers find it behooves them to make careful scrutiny of every word that leaves their pens, or rather machines, for typewritten love letters, hinting at a carbon copy for future reference, are quite the thing today.

Earning His Money.

Tommy has a little friend who acts as chauffeur when they go for a ride in his toy car. One day Tommy went into his uncle's home to get warm, leaving Billy on the curb as usual. It was a cold day and the uncle remonstrated, telling him to go out and bring him in. "Oh, him's all right," replied Tommy. "He will have to get used to it or he won't get his twenty cents a week."

JOKE ON MOTHER

Precise Old Lady Convicted of Using Slang.

Dictionary Brought Forward to Prove That Term With Which She Frightened Youngsters Was Taboo.

My mother detested slang, says a writer in Scribner's. The use of slang expressions was to her something very closely akin to making up a bed without properly airing it or going to a party without a clean handkerchief.

When my sister or I used some of the slang of our day, she used to say plaintively that she couldn't think where we got hold of such expressions. Had anyone said to me then that my mother used slang I should have been incredulous and very likely indignant. While I considered my own right to a latitude of language inalienable to my youth, I felt, if only subconsciously, that mothers (and especially mine, who was of the good old-fashioned variety of genuine mothers) were different. One would no more expect them to use slang than one would expect them to wear short skirts, or dance, or ride a bicycle, or want the largest helping of ice cream. I am sure if I had heard my mother say "rubberneck" or "for the love of Mike," the sound of such words on her lips would have horrified me even more than they horrified her when she heard them on mine.

It was only recently that the great revelation came to me. Harking back to my childhood, I had used one of my mother's favorite words, "rambunctious," and was promptly asked what it meant by a person who had not had the advantage of being brought up in New England. Surprised at her ignorance, I explained at once that it was my mother's word for—well, for what? I had to put my reluctant brain to work before I could find words that gave even a faint flavor of what mother meant when she said: "Now, you children, you're getting altogether too rambunctious." Not satisfied with my own definition, I finally sought Mr. Webster's aid. Rambunctious was not in the 'abridged' on my desk. When I had turned, grumbling at the words they select to leave out of the abridged to the unwieldy colossus in the hall, I could scarcely believe my knowledge of the sequence of the alphabet. But a careful resurvey failed to find me tripping. Rambunctious was not there. The dictionary passed blithely on from rambler to rameal (the same as ramal, if you must know).

As I laid the dictionary down a new light burst upon me. Rambunctious was not a word in good standing. What was it, then, but the slang of an older generation! My mother had used slang.

Death to Rats.

A study of barium carbonate as a rat poison, made by the United States Department of Agriculture, indicates that a 20 per cent mixture with food makes a satisfactory bait. With this percentage a rat ordinarily needs to eat only one-third or three-eighths of a meal of average size to get a fatal dose. It was found that with this dose many of the rats poisoned died within 24 hours, though an occasional rat was found which survived an even larger amount, thus indicating that 100 per cent mortality is not to be expected in any case.

A summary of results of experiments conducted by various persons with a view to determining the deadliness of barium to different animals shows the fallacy of the assumption that barium is poisonous only to rats. It is pointed out that the fatal dose of barium per pound tends to decrease relatively as the size of the animal increases, and that a bait calculated to be fatal to rats may be assumed to be more or less dangerous to small domestic animals also.

Phillip's Wish.

Phillip, Jr., two and one-half years old, is very fond of having his mother sing to him as she rocks him to sleep. She has told him a number of Bible stories, the usual number of "Mother Goose" stories, and other stories so dear to children. He often requests her to sing about "Mother Hubbard," of "Jack Spratt," or some other equally well-known character, and she willingly obliges, "filling in," as she goes along, to suit the occasion. The other evening she had been singing to him about "Santa Claus" and his various activities, and, seeing that Phillip was almost asleep, stopped to rest. Suddenly he opened his eyes and said: "Mother, sing me a song about Moses, and Mutt and Jeff."

New Vocation for Women.

As Corney Grain used to say, "We all come round, you come round, I come round." It was never imagined, in his day, that the smart London clubs would come round to having a woman as secretary, but the Devonshire and Green Room clubs have done so, and the Savage threatens to follow suit. It is pointed out, however, that during the war men saw how extremely comfortable a woman could make a club, and, as clubs become more and more the homes of both men and women, a woman secretary seems to supply the touch needed to make them complete.

Dog Tattooing His Specialty.

One of the oddest occupations brought to light by the recent census is that of dog tattooer, a man who specializes in tattooing dogs with their owners' names.

MAN'S QUEER PETS

Animals and Birds That Have Figured in History.

Death of King Alexander of Greece, Credited to Bite of Monkey, Calls Forth Reminiscence.

The report, which later was denied, that King Alexander of Greece died from the bite of a pet monkey, and the presentation to the prince of Wales of a young koala, or Australian bear, a mountain devil, and a barking lizard, during his trip around the world, bring to mind the peculiar pets of nations and of famous men and women of history, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

The natives of Pisa, Italy, kept tame eagles. The Florentines kept lions, and the Romans had wolves, the latter as an outgrowth of the Romulus-Remus story of the foundation of the city. Many peoples besides the Romans have made pets of wolves. Despite their proverbial ferocity in the wild state, many, taken as cubs, grow tame and manifest the traits of a faithful dog as a companion.

The history of the sport of hawking, or falconry, engaged in to some extent today, extends to prehistoric times and recalls the intelligent devotion displayed by the pet hawk of Genghis Khan, which three times in succession dashed a cup of water out of the hand of its master, who was thirst-parched after a hunt, in order to save his life. The water had been collected drop by drop from a pool on the height of a cliff. When the hawk had deliberately knocked the cup from his hand for the third time and at last sent it spinning between the rocks, the master drew his sword and killed the bird. Then he wearily climbed the cliff, only to find the dead body of the most poisonous variety of snake coiled at the bottom of the clear pool.

Monkeys have nearly always been general favorites, perhaps because of the uncanny intelligence they show. The pathetic little beggars with the organ grinders on our streets, the mascots of airplanes, and Prof. Garner's "Little Susie" are notable examples. King Solomon had apes brought into his kingdom once in every three years, and after stating this fact, the account naively adds that he exceeded all the kings of the earth for wisdom.

The part played by dogs and horses in the World war is a complete story in itself, but cats, chickens, cows, and goats shared with them the honors among the boys in France. The cats in the trenches furnished amusement, so the tale is told. Puss seemed to have no fear of bullets, but manifested a high degree of annoyance when her glossy coat was spattered with mud during the process of washing her face and combing her fur on the top of a parapet.

Every child has heard the story of Dick Whittington's cat which was sent to sea and won her poor little master a fortune by killing the rats that wrought such havoc on the dinner table of a foreign king. But, sad to relate, the history of this early lord mayor of London does not substantiate the legend.

Solved the Mystery.

While still a novice in the art of stenography I was called one day to take a very important letter from the president of the firm. In my nervousness I failed to notice that there were but a few blank pages in my notebook, and as a result was compelled to write on the cover of the book. All went smoothly in the transcription of my notes until I reached the cover, and then try as I might I could not make out a single word. Finally in desperation I went to the president and told him of my plight. He was quite kind, offering to dictate that portion of the letter over and suggested that I endeavor to read a few lines so that he might get the connection. However, this was an impossibility on my part, whereupon he began studying the little dots and dashes and suddenly blurted out: "Can it be that you are trying to read your notes upside down?" which to my great consternation and embarrassment solved the mystery instantly.—Chicago Tribune.

Copy American Methods.

Four French cities where Y. W. C. A. foyers are maintained have recently put on finance campaigns in true American fashion, and have raised sums of money exceeding the most optimistic predictions, according to a Y. W. C. A. secretary just returned from France. They are St. Etienne, Tours, Bourges and Mulhouse. The finance campaigns were mapped out and directed by American secretaries and accomplished by the French directors. Sufficient money to carry the 1921 budget of expenses for Y. W. C. A. work in these cities is now in the bank. In Mulhouse 120,000 francs were raised for joint Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work.

The Yearning for Prominence.

"Why do you insist on walking out in a high hat and a frock coat?"

"Well, everybody likes to be considered a great man, whether he deserves it or not. Every now and then the conductor of a sightseeing wagon points me out as a cabinet official or a senator or something."

Pay Dirt.

"I've tried for gold and copper, even for diamonds. But I can't seem to strike pay dirt."

"Why don't you try farming?"

Live Stock News

TIME TO PURCHASE FEEDERS

No Hard and Fast Rule for Farmer to Go By—Cattle Are Higher in Spring Than in Fall.

Sim Baxter's right leg was in temporary retirement under a layer of arnica-soaked bandages. He regarded the injured member with a glint of rueful humor and spake thus to a neighbor who had dropped in for a chat with the cheerful invalid.

"Bert, tell me somethin'. How can a feller tell when a mean white mule named Anarchy is goin' to kick? I mean, how can he tell in time to do him any good?"

"Human knowledge goes no further than to say that a white mule is always goin' to kick. Is that the answer? Then let me ask you a question: How do you know whether to buy your 'feeder' steers in the fall or in the spring? Do you make anything by feeding them in the winter, and will you make more if you let the other feller feed 'em through? They cost more in the spring than in the fall. Is there any way to be certain?"

Sim admitted that the thing was past his comprehension and confessed that he sometimes did the thing one way and sometimes the other, but that he never knew just how he was coming out.

In reality, as to the time to buy stockers or feeders, there is no hard and fast rule. The usual time is in the fall when they must leave the grazing areas and go where feeds have been harvested or stored for cattle feeding. However, with a falling market, which no one can foretell with any degree of certainty, the cattle may not be worth enough more in the spring to pay for the winter feeding. Yet they have been kept largely on feed for which there is no other market.

Consequently, what Sim and his neighbor should know is how much it costs to keep stockers through the winter on various rations, how they lose or gain weight, and how they gain through the summer as a result of the way they have been wintered. Being in a better position to carry on feeding experiments to answer these questions than the cattlemen, the bureau of animal industry, co-operating with the West Virginia experiment station, conducted a series of feeding tests in Greenbrier county, West Virginia. The experiments began December 22, 1914, and covered a period of four years, the results being now

Turning Steers Into Beef.

published in department bulletin 870.

In brief, 30 yearling steers were selected each year and divided into three lots of ten steers each. When the lots were carefully equalized, the average weight of the animals was 603 pounds each. The steers were on winter rations an average of 130 days, and on pasture an average of 158 days each year.

The tests proved that an average daily ration of 19.8 pounds of silage, five pounds of mixed hay, and 2.5 pounds of wheat straw during the winter would maintain these steers without loss of weight.

An average daily ration of 23.1 pounds of corn silage, 4.9 pounds of wheat straw and one pound of cottonseed meal would give each steer an average gain of 62 pounds.

A daily ration of 11.9 pounds of mixed hay and 4.1 pounds of wheat straw fed throughout the winter will not keep the animal in good condition. This ration was responsible for a loss of 35 pounds per steer. Corn silage gave better results than dry roughage alone, and the steers that had silage as a part of their winter ration made greater total gains than those fed on hay and straw.

The cost of feed averaged throughout the four years was as follows:

Corn silage	$ 6.00
Mixed hay	18.00
Rye hay	18.00
Soy-bean hay	27.00
Wheat straw	7.00
Cottonseed meal	50.00

The bulletin records feeding tests that will be extremely valuable to the farmers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee and the adjacent states, and for them it does much to answer the question that puzzled Sim and his friends. The bulletin may be had on application to the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Porker and Runt.

A plump little pig is a porker, but a puny pig is a runt.

MANY FAILURES DUE TO RUBBER

Some Tests Recommended by Department of Agriculture to Find Reliability.

POOR RINGS CAUSE TROUBLE

Four Inches of Rubber Should Stretch to Ten Inches and Then Return to Original Length—Sample Should Not Break.

The caller, who already had knocked twice, was putting her hand on the hooked screen door to see if rattling it would arouse her neighbor, when Mrs. Jessup appeared at the basement door. In her arms were a number of jars of canned fruit, and she looked so disturbed that her caller wondered what had happened.

Catching sight of the caller, Mrs. Jessup cried: "Just a minute, until I place these jars on the table and I'll let you in." The jars deposited, she hastened to unfasten the door.

"Have you been standing there long?" she inquired. "I'm sorry I didn't hear you knock, but I was so upset at what I found in my storage closet this morning that I guess if the Angel Gabriel had sounded his trumpet I wouldn't have heard him."

What She Found.

In answer to her caller's sympathetic inquiry as to the trouble, she continued:

"I've always had splendid luck canning fruits and vegetables until this year; in fact, I have boasted that I never lost more than two or three jars in a season, but this year"—she threw up her hands—"every few days I find another jar that is 'working,' and this morning there were five down there sizzling away. The fruit and vegetables I have put up cost so much, to say nothing of the sugar, that I could sit down and weep to think of the loss of money it entails, besides my work and time.

"And the worst of it is I can't see what is the trouble. If I knew, I could avoid it in canning the late fruits and vegetables. I've done everything 'according to Hoyle,' just the way I always have, and yet they don't keep this year. I know the price of

A Good Rubber Ring Can Support Approximately Seventeen Pounds.

commercially canned food is going to be ever so high next winter, and I wanted to save by putting up my own. Besides, we like the home-canned variety better. But a few more spoiled cans and all the profit in home canning will be gone in my case. What do you suppose is the trouble?"

The caller asked a number of questions, the last of which was: "Did you test your rubber rings?"

"Why, no; I never have," Mrs. Jessup replied.

"Maybe you never have, but I found it necessary this year," interrupted her friend, "and I believe poor rings are at the root of your trouble. I hear the country is flooded with cheap ones this year. Everything that enters into their manufacture and sale has gone up, and many manufacturers, in order to put on the market a medium-priced product, have reduced the quality in the rings they are making, I'm told. A few days or a few weeks after the jars are stored these rings commence to deteriorate, the air gets in, and the contents begin to spoil.

Testing the Rings.

"I'd rather waste a few cents testing them than lose a whole lot of valuable food, by not doing it. I had to test several brands, when I started canning, before I found one that seemed to be all right."

"How do you test can rings? I don't understand how you could, but if that's the cause of my canned stuff spoiling I want to know how 'to test them.'"

"I use the tests that the United States department of agriculture recommends," replied the visitor. "There are a number of these tests which may be applied; but if a ring passes successfully the two that I am going to tell you about, you can be pretty sure it is all right.

"The first is to cut a six-inch piece out of a ring; take hold of the ends so that there are four inches between the fingers; stretch the piece along a ruler